

13

A N
O D E:
T O T H E
M E M O R Y
O F H I S G R A C E t h e
Duke of Buckinghamshire.

By J. LOCKMAN.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.*——— VIRG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pallmall*.

(Price Six-pence.)

17454.64.452*



Castle Fund

TO THE
MEMORIAL
OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

BY ROBERT



A N

O D E:

To the Memory of HIS GRACE the

Duke of *Buckinghamshire*.

OH! how chang'd is the gay Scene,
Since, to Thee, I tun'd the Lyre:

Penfive Thoughts now intervene,

Cloud my Mind, and damp my Fire.

When thou left'st thy native Isle,

To revisit healthier Seats,

Hope gleam'd forth a rosy Smile,

Flattering with ideal Sweets.

But,

But, too ravishing to last,

Quick, the radiant Vision flies;

All our Joys are overcast,

And the much-lov'd SHEFFIELD dies.

Beauteous Shade! from yon' high Spheres,

Say, what Extasy succeeds,

The Review of earth-spent Years,

Pregnant with the worthiest Deeds.

Gallia, for Politeness fam'd,

Pleas'd, did thy bright Dawnings see;

And, her noblest Youths inflam'd,

Glory fought, in copying Thee.

Thee, blest *Iſis*, with Delight,

Saw, like PHOEBUS, 'mid't her Sons,

Climbing Learning's flow'ry Height,

Swift as the bright Course he runs.

Thee,

Thee, the wond'ring *Rhine* beheld,
Heading a victorious Train;
Proud that *Berwick* had repell'd
Foes who aw'd th'enfanguin'd Plain.

Science, thro' a Mother's Eyes,
Shed, o'er *SHEFFIELD*, all her Rays;
Bid him, first, to Wisdom rise,
And deserve the Muses' Praise.

See Her, to enrich his Mind,
Start from downy Chains of Sleep!
For his sake, to Heav'n resign'd,
See Her brave the boist'rous Deep!

Charm'd at such maternal Care,
All his Breast with Duty glow'd:
All his Wishes sprung to Her,
To whom Life he doubly ow'd.

B

Happy

Happy Parent! Happy Son!

Each to each their Joy and Pride;

Sad, that Love so closely spun,

Cruel Fate shou'd e'er divide!

When his Soul, to kindred Skies,

Wing'd it's way, * *Rome's* Genius cry'd;

" With *like* Woe ne'er gush'd my Eyes,

" Since th' ador'd *Marcellus* dy'd.

" Both th' Extremes of Anguish prov'd:

" Blissful both: too like their Doom!

" Dear to Men, by Gods belov'd:

" Both snatch'd early to the Tomb."

Lo! his sadly-great Remains,

All in gloomy Splendor borne,

Slowly cleave the liquid Plains,

Whilst soft-breathing *Zephyrs* mourn.

Tritons,

* HIS GRACE died at *Rome*, *October* 30. 1735.

Tritons, at a Mother's Woe

Mov'd to Pity, watch around;
 Since, shou'd Billows sink him low,
 'Twou'd enlarge her bleeding Wound.

Hark! whilst Winds, hoarse-murmuring rise,
 And our piercing Loss deplore,
 Dying *Echo* faintly sighs,
 "SHEFFIELD'S Urn has reach'd the Shore."

Chang'd their late so joyous Home,
 See, a widow'd Train attend!
 Tender Wailings fill the Dome:
 Lost their Master! lost their Friend!

Troy not Grief sincerer shed,
 Wept not more her fallen State,
 When her *Hector*, vanquish'd, dead,
 Enter'd *Scæa*'s crouded Gate.

The

The last, solemn Honours paid,
 SHEFFIELD, which thy Virtues claim,
 Join thy Father's awful Shade,
 Clos'd, in Thee, his mighty Name.

F I N I S.

